



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Upon being told that Goodman's fields theatre was crowded every night to see the young actor, he said, that Garrick was the founder of a new sect; Whitfield was followed for a time; but they would ail come to church again. Garrick on hearing this observation, retaliated by the following epigram.

Pope Quin, who damns all churches but
his own,
Complains that heresy infects the town;
That Whitfield Garrick has misled the age,
And taints the sound religion of the stage:
Schism, he cries, has turn'd the nation's
brain,
But eyes will open, and to church again!
Thou great infallible, forbear to roar,
Thy bulls and errors are rever'd no more;
When doctrines meet with general appro-
bation,
It is not heresy, but reformation.

BEARDS.

The wearing of beards appears, from the following anecdote, to have formerly been an exclusive privilege in some parts of Iceland. Between the years 1740 and 1750, it happened that two brothers dividing between one another the inheritance left them by their father, one of them gave his brother four rix-dollars for the exclusive right of wearing a beard; which right, in their family, was the sole prerogative of their late father.

RESPECT PAID TO BEARS.

The Ostiaks, a Finnish nation, believe that bears enjoy, after death, a degree of happiness at least equal to that which they expect for themselves. Whenever they kill one of these animals, they sing songs over him, in which they ask his pardon, and hang up his skin to which they show many

civilities, and pay many fine compliments to induce him not to take vengeance on them in the abode of spirits.

EARL OF HARDWICKE.

Mr. Justice Powis, when judge of assize at one of the circuits, being at dinner with many of the lawyers, among whom was this nobleman, then Mr. Yorke, took occasion to compliment him by expressing his surprize that so young a practitioner should have acquired so much business, "I cannot well account, Mr. Yorke," said he "for your having so much business, considering you have been so short a time at the bar; I humbly conceive," continued he, "you must have published some book, or are about publishing something; for look you, do you see, there is scarcely a cause before the court but you are employed in it: I should therefore be glad to know, *d'ye mind me*, Mr. Yorke, whether this is the case." The young lawyer replied that he had some idea of publishing a book, and, on the judge's pressing to know the subject, told him that he was turning Coke upon Lyttleton into verse. The judge who had not wit enough to perceive that his curiosity was played upon, was very importunate to hear some of them; upon which the other told him that at present he only recollected the first stanza, which he would repeat for his lordship's gratification, and proceeded as follows.
He that holdeth his lands in fee,
Needs not for to quake, nor to shiver,
For as I conceive, pray mark, do you see,
They're his and his heir's, for ever.
The judge asked him no further questions.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE O'NIAL.

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

To those who are acquainted with Irish history, it will be unnecessary to give any explanation of the subject of the following Poem; few, however, have taken pains to make themselves acquaint-

ed with a subject so unfashionable, and, whilst descriptions of the manners of distant nations, ancient and modern, are sought after with avidity and studied with attention, every illustration of the state of Ireland, beyond the very period in which we live, is passed over as uninteresting.

These considerations render a few preliminary observations necessary.....HUGH O'NIAL, representative and chief of the powerful family of that name, in the year 1587, accepted of a patent from Queen Elizabeth, creating him earl of Tir-owen....in the eyes of his kinsmen and followers, this acceptance was an act of submission, and the title itself a degradation: THE O'NIAL being a royal name and conferring on its holder kingly authority.

The mark of favour bestowed by Elizabeth was held by the Earl until 1595, in the spring of which year he suddenly called an assembly of the chiefs of his country, formally renounced the act of submission, and resumed the original distinguishing appellation of his forefathers, THE O'NIAL.

The cause of this alteration in his conduct has been variously accounted for; but an old tradition which is still current in the country where he flourished, attributes it wholly to the interference of a supernatural agent.

After relating in a simple style what is stated above; it tells that for three nights previous to the calling of the assembly, the *Bean-fish*, *Beanshee*, or guardian spirit of the family was heard in his castle of Dungannon, upbraiding him with his submission, conjuring him to throw off the odious epithet with which his enemies had branded him, rousing him to a sense of his danger by describing the sufferings of some of the neighbouring chiefs, charging him to arm, and promising him assistance.

It will be obvious that to the latter part of the tradition this poem owes its origin.

“ CAN ought of glory or renown,
To thee from Saxon titles spring?
Thy name a kingdom and a crown,
Tir-owen's chieftain, Ulster's king:”

These were the sounds that on the ear
Of Tir-owen's startled Earl arose,
That blanched his alter'd cheek with fear,
And from his pillow chac'd repose.

In vain was clos'd his weary eye,
In vain his prayer for peaceful sleep,
Still from a viewless spirit nigh,
Broke forth in accents loud and deep:

“ Can ought of glory or renown,
To thee from Saxon titles spring?
Thy name a kingdom and a crown,
Tir-owen's chieftain, Ulster's king:

“ Oft did thy eager youthful ear
Bend to the tale of Thomond's shame, I
And in thy pride of blood didst swear
To hold with life thy glorious name:

“ Yet, thou didst leave thy native land,
For honours on a foreign shore,
And for submission's purchas'd brand,
Barter'd the name thy fathers bore!

“ Where are these fathers' glories gone?
The pride of ages that have been!
While tamely bows their traitor son,
The vassal of a Saxon Queen:

“ While still within a dungeon's walls,
Admiral's fetter'd prince reclines, 2
While P'Maoile for her chieftain calls, 3
Who in a distant prison pines:

“ While from that corse, yet reeking warm,
O'er his own fields the life-streams flow;
Well mayst thou start!... that mangled form,
Once was thy friend Mac Mahon Roe! 4

“ Forget'st thou that a vessel came
To Cineal's strand, in gaudy pride,
Fraught with each store of valued name,
That nature gave or art supplied:

“ No voice to bid the youth beware,
Of banquets by the Saxon spread;
He tasted, and the treacherous snare,
Clos'd o'er the young O'Donnell's head: 5

“ Hopeless, desponding still he lies,
No aid his griefs to soothe or end,
And oft in vain his languid eyes,
Turn bright'ning on his father's friend:

“ Who was that friend?... a chief of power,
The guardian of a kingdom's weal,
Tir-owen's pride and Ulster's flower,
A prince, a hero, THE O'NIAL!

“ He, at whose war-horn's potent blast,
Twice twenty chiefs in battle tried,
Unsheath'd the sword in warlike haste,
And rang'd their thousands on his side:

“ But now he dreads the paths to tread,
That lead to honours, power and fame:
And stands each nobler feeling dead,
Nameless, who own'd a monarch's name!

“ Shall Ardmir's prince for ever groan,
And P'Maoile's chief still fetter'd lye?
None for Mac Mahon's blood atone?
Nought cheer O'Donnell's languid eye?”

“ To thee they turn, on thee they rest,
Release the chain'd, revenge the dead,
Or soon the halls thy sires possess,
Shall echo to a stranger's tread: